A Suitable Replacement

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by anabridge

Summary

Hannibal was very particular about how Bedelia tasted. She ate oysters, acorns, and marsala every day. And every night, he made sure she tasted just right.

Notes

You can find me on Twitter, where I post my work first! @hannabitchwill

He was very particular about how she tasted. Upon her insistence on a diet free of "red meat," she ate oysters, acorns, and marsala every day. And every night, he made sure she tasted just right. He regularly indulged upon the slick between her legs.

Tonight, his tongue lapped up her sweetness from the apex of her thighs as her gown covered his face. Despite the fact that they fucked nearly every night, they liked to keep it as impersonal as possible.

She preferred it that way. Her fingers itched with the desire to grasp onto his soft gray hair, but she held back. He didn't want her, but that didn't mean she couldn't take advantage of the situation to ensure she benefitted from this arrangement.

"I wonder how Will Graham is recovering, Dr. Fell," she said, trying to keep her voice as even as possible.

Teeth grazed her sensitive folds in response. "I know you're thinking of him, even now," Bedelia taunted. When that didn't prompt more of a response, she tried again. "You alone must be giving Tattle Crime over twenty hits per day, the way you keep checking for news of him."

Hannibal growled from between her thighs. His hazel eyes looked nearly black in the darkroom as he glared before flipping her over. He pulled her gown up to her hips before plunging two fingers into her dripping mound from behind.

"It would be in your best interest to behave, Ms. Fell. God forbid the neighbors have to hear you scream again," Hannibal warned. His fingers slipped in and out of her slowly. Hannibal wasn't moving nearly as fast as she would've liked.

"I would prefer them to call me Roman, and not Hannibal as you like to say over and over again."

She liked him angry like this. Bedelia did her best to hold back her moan. He didn't deserve to know how much she enjoyed this.

She tried to tip her hips back towards him but a firm hand along her spine kept her pinned to the bed. "I think it would be in your best interest to get this over with as soon as possible, Hannibal. Don't you have a certain Professor Sogliato to kill? More crimes to commit?"

Hannibal placed a sharp slap against her rear. Reminding Hannibal of the man who insulted him publicly was sure to evoke such a response.

After Hannibal tore open the wrapper and slipped on a condom, he pulled Bedelia back by the ankle. Her lithe body slid against the silk sheets.

Hannibal wrapped an arm around her middle. As he positioned her below his hips, he thrust into her to the hilt. Bedelia gasped, and upon his fast-paced thrusts in and out of her, began to moan as well. His hand soon covered her mouth. "This is what you wanted, yes?"

With her mouth still covered, Bedelia shook her head. She wanted more. She bit against the fingers closest to her mouth, hard, hoping to make him angrier. Hannibal's other hand came to tease between her legs, holding her open so he could feel the movement of his cock thrusting into her deep.

Then fingers began to rub against her clit, and Bedelia let out a muffled, "Yes!" from under his hand. "Enjoy this while it lasts, Bedelia. You never know when I may choose you as my next victim."

The pressure built between them, and she began to grind back against him as she felt her orgasm approaching. Despite how much of a monster he was, this version of Hannibal, the one without his person-suit, was the one she liked best. Her hand slipped behind him as she plunged her nails into his firm cheek, asking for more in the only way she knew how since she couldn't speak.

Hannibal growled and pushed her down onto the bed, slipping out of her for a moment. Then he pulled her hips back against him and thrust back in. He moved at a punishing pace this time.

"It is only a matter of time. You should always be prepared for me to come, Bedelia." She couldn't help but smile at the double entendre.

"I have always been prepared for you, Hannibal," she said as she writhed beneath him now, so close to coming.

Sensing she was close, Hannibal leaned forward to whisper into her ear, "I think I'll start with your leg first, and then enjoy you limb by limb." Bedelia whimpered. Despite the danger, she found herself liking this, enjoying being held by the monster who was freed from his cage.

His pace increased, even more. This was hate fucking at best, and Bedelia loved the way he used her so thoroughly. Not quite a rebound, but just a suitable replacement to make Will jealous. At the feel of his teeth closing around her shoulder, Bedelia clenched tightly around him.

She came at the feeling of him biting down, unleashing his true nature that wasn't afraid to shed blood. His whole body shivered against her as he released into the condom separating them. There was no distance between their bodies now as Hannibal held her close to him and moved his hips in and out slowly as the tension left his body.

After they both caught their breath, Hannibal stood up and held a hand out to her. "It's time for your bath." Before she turned around, Bedelia did her best to compose herself and conceal her smile.

Despite being a monster in bed, Hannibal Lecter was always a gentleman. She allowed him to guide her to into the bath.

Later, as his fingers slipped into her roots to lather shampoo into her hair, Bedelia sighed contently. Living with Il Mostro wasn't all that bad. For now.

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